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The Men Who Put Down the Rebellion.

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KANSAS COMMANDERY

OF THE

Military Order of the Loyal Legion

OF THE UNITED STATES.

War Paper No. 23.

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The Men who put down the Rebellion

A PAPER

Read before the Kansas Commandery, Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States.

— BY —

COMPANION CAPTAIN JOHN T. TAYLOR.

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THE MEN WHO PUT DOWN THE REBELLION.

Read by Companion Captain JOHN T. TAYLOR before the Kansas Commandery, Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States.

Tis said that,

> "When danger's rife and War is nigh,
> God and the Soldier's all the cry :
> When danger's o'er and wrong is righted,
> God is forgot, the Soldiers slighted."

The Men who put down the rebellion averaged twenty years of age, when the roar of that first cannon broke on Sumter's walls, and echoed down the ages. They represented in the aggregate more than a million units of fervid unquestioning patriotism, and four million years of hard dangerous illrequited service. They are the men who, when the call to arms was sounded, came from the school, the mills, the office and farm, to do battle in behalf of national existence, and to make plain to all the world the fact that this *Union of States is One and indivisable.* They are the men who cheerfully, enthusiastically threw aside all hopes of business or political preferment ; who exchanged comfortable homes for the disease breeding camp, and the deadly conflict ; who forsook the pleasant highways of peaceful urban, or rural life, to march through snow and mud and fire, and a terrestrial hell, in order that a great principle might be established on the deepest and broadest foundation human minds could plan, or human hands uphold.

But who can recount their deeds ? The annals of mankind hold no parallel to the tremendous record of offering and sacrifice made, that America might not perish, but that she might, as she is doing today, lead the van of the civilized nations of the earth. When valor and heroism crown so many youthful brows they cease to bring distinction. Had but a single thousand gone out to battle and half of them returned, the nation would have prostrated itself before them, and set their statues on pinnacles that proclaimed name by name their imperishable renown. But when a million heroes come marching home victorious, and the flags shook out their tattered folds to tell of a thousand bloody conflicts won, the minds of men were paralyzed with the effort to compass the mighty sum total of doing and daring. The lingering minor faction of that youthful host are the old soldiers of today. They lag superfluous it may be, but they will not linger long. Those who hate and those who love them may learn with pleasure or with pain, that over forty thousand annually muster for retirement to their eternal home. When they are all gone perhaps the earned honor may come. Mean time the Old Soldiers exist, an active element in the body politic, observing with interest the events and tendencies of the hour. They are pledged to the promotion of honor and purity in public affairs and are full of faith in the Nation's imperial destiny. They revel in the felicity of a glorious reminiscence. They proffer no apologies for paying annual tribute to the memory of their departed comrades, and, if a gracious obliteration of the past is to be invoked, claiming none of it for themselves or their deeds, they freely yield it all to those who in the supreme crisis "closed their ears to a pentecostal message, and veiled their eyes to the dawn of a millenial splendor."

The Old Soldiers demand that the arm of national power be stretched out to protect every citizen in his rights at home as well as abroad. They demand that America shall be for Americans, by nativity or adoption, for those to whom

its institutions are a birthright, and for those who come to our shores bringing due appreciation of its blessings, spurning back every red-handed apostle of anarchy, whose only idea of freedom is the death of law, and who boasts of thrift in robbery and violence. The Old Soldiers demand free schools, unlimited religious toleration, enlarged industrial development, broad unobstructed avenues for the advancement of a civilization the ripest and richest our earth has ever known. But time presses an ellipsis of the grateful score. There was a day of the "Noble Boys in Blue," but its sun has set. This is the *day* of the "Old Soldier. It is but a span. When they are gone the legacy of their fame, the story of their sacrifice will be the peerless possession of liberty's successive generations. And the descendants of the men who put down the rebellion will have no prouder heritage, even in the richer better days to come, than a clear chain of title to a genuine badge of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion or the Grand Army of the Republic.

"They stood, who saw the future come
On through the War's delirium.
They smote and stood, who held the hope
Of nations on that slippery slope
Amid the Cheers of Christendom."

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